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NO. 299

# BUCK JONES

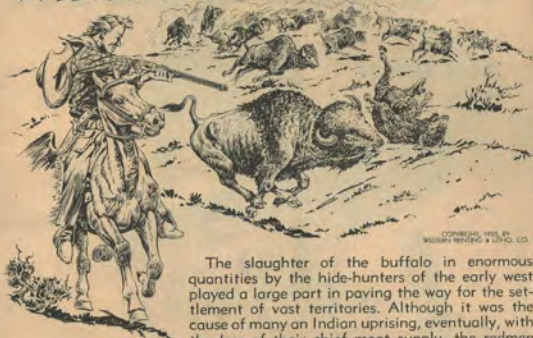
and the  
**IRON HORSE  
TRAIL**



52 pages  
ALL  
COMICS!

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# WINNING THE WEST



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The slaughter of the buffalo in enormous quantities by the hide-hunters of the early west played a large part in paving the way for the settlement of vast territories. Although it was the cause of many an Indian uprising, eventually, with the loss of their chief meat supply, the redmen were scattered and subdued.

In addition, huge tracts of grazing land were opened up where cowmen could move in and be sure of finding sufficient feed for their ever-increasing beef herds.

The stagecoaches and then the railroad brought new hordes of settlers who further reduced the rapidly vanishing buffalo. With each mile of rails, new frontiers were opened to ranchers who found a market in the east for their cattle.

Cities could not have sprung up without the continuous stream of supplies which poured into the west over the gleaming rails.



BUCK JONES and the IRON HORSE TRAIL, No. 299. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 351 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. Authorized edition. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright, 1956, by Mrs. Odell D. Jones. Except for those names authorized to be used herein, the stories, names, characters, incidents, and institutions mentioned or portrayed in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and an identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

# BUCK JONES

and the  
"IRON HORSE  
TRAIL"

TWO MILES EAST OF JUNCTION CITY, WHERE  
THE RAILROAD WINDS THROUGH LOBO PASS...

HMM, THE OLD IRON HORSE AIN'T  
IN SIGHT YET! SURE HOPE SHE  
DONT GET HERE BEFORE  
THE FOUR-X GANG!

WONDER WHY BRINK  
KABEL IS SO DOGGONE  
SET ON HOLDIN' HER  
UP TODAY?

WELL, BOYS, PEARLS  
LIKE WE GOT HERE  
IN TIME! NO SIGN  
OF TH' TRAIN YET!

THERE'S ZACH AT  
TH' OUTLOOK POST  
NOW! SIGNAL FOR HIM  
TO COME DOWN!

NOW REMEMBER TH'  
RAILROAD PRESIDENTS  
OWN PRIVATS CAR IS  
ON THIS RUN! I DONT  
WANT HIM TO EVER  
FORGET THIS RAID!

HUH, DONT WORRY,  
BRINK! HE WON'T  
FORGET IT... IF  
HE LIVES!

MEANWHILE, FIVE MILES AWAY  
AND RUNNING SLIGHTLY BEHIND  
SCHEDULE...



EASY NOW, SILVER-B!  
I WAS ONLY GONE A  
FEW MINUTES! DON'T  
BE SO SPOOKY!



HOPE THIS OLD  
RATTLE CAN CLIMB  
THE LOBO PASS GRADE!  
IT'S A MIGHTY STEEP  
HAUL, EVEN WITH  
EMPTY CATTLE CARS!



WHAT'S THAT?  
SOUNDS LIKE  
SNORING!



A BOOT! NO WONDER SILVER-B  
WAS SPOOKY! WE HAD COMPANY  
WHILE I WAS UP FRONT WITH  
THE CONDUCTOR!



OKAY! COME UP  
FOR AIR, WHOEVER  
YOU ARE!

YEOOWW!

WHACK





YOU SURE DON'T  
LOOK LIKE AN OUTLAW  
TO ME, SAGE!

WAL, I AIN'T! I WAS  
FALSELY ACCUSED O'  
ROBBIN' A STAGE BETWEEN  
NUGGET FLATS AN JUNCTION CITY!



I MANAGED TO  
GET OUT WITH MY  
WHOLE SKIN! I AIN'T  
NEVER DARED GO  
BACK 'CAUSE TH'  
SAME OLD ROTTEN  
GANG CONTROLS CITY  
POLITICS AN'...!



BUT WHAT BRINGS  
YOU BACK NOW?  
AREN'T YOU TAKING  
A BIG CHANCE?

YEAH, BUT  
I GOTTA  
GO BACK!



I HEARD MY ONLY SON, TAD,  
WAS THROWN IN WITH TH' OUTLAW  
ELEMENTS! PEOPLE ARE SAYIN'...  
"LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON!" I GOTTA  
FIND OUT WHAT TH' DICKENS  
POSSESSSES TH' LAD!



BLAM!  
BLAM!

WHAT  
TH'...!

UH-OH! SOUNDS  
LIKE ANOTHER  
RAID ON TH'  
BLASTED  
RAILROAD!







HUH ONE OF THEM JASPERS IN TH' CATTLE CAR, IS A SHOOTIN' FOOL!



LOOK! THE PRIVATE CAR IS UNCOUPLED!

JUMPIN' CATFISH...!



THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROADS IN THAT CAR, SAGE!



QUICK! LOWER ONE OF THE RAMP DOORS!



WE GOTTA HOG-TIE A WILD RAILWAY CAR, SILVER-B!



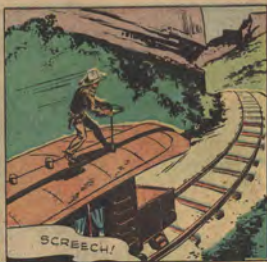
USE THIS ONE, BUCK! ITS ALL READY FOR LOWERIN'!



EASY, BOY...!

IF YUH CAN DAB A LOOP ON THAT IRON-WHEELED MAVERICK, I'LL DANCE AT YORE WEDDIN'!













LATER

HUMPH! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BEEF RANN CORSON WAS TO DELIVER HERE?

BY GOLLY, THESE PENS IS AS EMPTY AS MOTHER HUBBARD'S CUPBOARD AFTER A WINDSTORM!



LET'S ASK THAT INDIAN IF HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED!

THAT'S OL' ROLLIN THUNDER! IF HE DONT RECOGNIZE ME IN THIS BEARD, NOBODY WILL!



HOWDY, BROTHER!

HOW STRANGER!



UH MY FRIEND WAS SPOSED T HAVE SOME CATTLE DELIVERED HERE BY RANN CORSON. BAWNY WHAT HAPPENED T' THEM?



UGH! OUTLAWS RUN HERD OFF RIMROCK! RAILROAD NOT SAFE! RAILROAD BAD MEDICINE!



NO WONDER OGDEN IS WORRIED! THE OWLHOOTS, EVEN ATTACK HERDS BEFORE THEY REACH THE RAILROAD!





MEANWHILE, DOWNSTAIRS...

THEY SAY HIS NAME'S BUCK JONES! I'M THINKIN' HE'S TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

MESSE HE'S A SPY FOR TH' RAILROAD BRINK!

JONES IS UPSTAIRS WITH JOHN OGDEN NOW, BOSS!

RODEO

HMM! THAT DON'T SOUND SO GOOD! I GOTTA FIND A WAY TO GET RID OF 'IM, PRONTO!

MY ROOM IS FRIGHTFUL! HAVEN'T YOU SOMETHING WITH JUST A FEW CIVILIZED CONVENIENCES?

UH, SORRY, MA'AM...!

THAT'S OGDEN'S DAUGHTER!

GOOD! RUN UPSTAIRS AND TELL OGDEN HIS GAL'S HAVIN' TROUBLE! I'LL BAIT BUCK JONES INTO A FIGHT!

YOU BOYS COVER ME WHEN TH' FIREWORKS START!

DON'T WORRY! NOBODY CAN STAND UP T' YOU IN A ROUGH-HOUSE FIGHT!

HOWDY MISS! ANYTHIN' WRONG?

WHY YES! I WAS JUST DEMANDING THAT... I BEG YOUR PARDON! WHO ARE YOU?



















LATER, THAT EVENING...





YOU AIN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD, BUCK JONES! NOT IF BRINK KABEL HAS HIS WAY T'NIGHT!



I GUESSED AS MUCH! I CAN HEAR THE BOYS WHOOPING IT UP FOR A LYNCHING PARTY!

DON'T MAKE ANY FALSE MOVES, BUCK, TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY!



I'M TAD HOTCHKISS, OLD SAGE'S SON!

HUH?



NOBODY FOOLS MY FRIEND ROLLING THUNDER THE INDIAN! HE RECOGNIZED DAD THIS AFTERNOON AND TIPPED ME OFF!



HE TOLD ME YOU WERE DAD'S FRIEND! THAT'S WHY I'M GONNA LET YOU ESCAPE!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE OUTLAWS! YOUR DAD...!



I KNOW! DAD SUSPECTS THE WORST OF ME! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHIN' NOW! BRINK'S FIRED-UP CITIZENS WILL SOON BE HERE!



YOUR CAYUSE IS SADDLED OUT IN BACK! BOCK ME IN THE JAW SO IT'LL LOOK GOOD THEN FOG IT OUT TO DAD'S SPREAD!

YOU'RE OKAY, TAD! YOUR DAD'LL BE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!



THIS IS GONNA HURT ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU, TAD! GOOD LUCK!

SMACK!



LET'S STRING UP TH' SKUNK! VIPPEE!

HANG TH' BLASTED TRAIN ROBBER TO TH' NEAREST COTTONWOOD!

HAW, TRIAL! AIN'T THE TOWN MARSHAL'S WORD GOOD ENOUGH?

WHAT ABOUT A TRIAL FUST?

DRY GOODS



AT THE REAR OF THE JAIL ...

YOUNG TAD'S AS GOOD AS HIS PROMISE! SILVER-B IS WATIN FOR ME! HOPE THE LAD CAN SELL THE PHONY ESCAPE STORY!



HEY, TH' PRISONER'S ESCAPIN'!

THAT'S BUCK JONES! GUN 'IM DOWN!



DAWN, THE NEXT DAY...



AFTER BUCK EXPLAINS ABOUT HIS ESCAPE...









WHAT TH' DICKENS  
WAS IN THAT  
COFFEE? UGH!



SOME SKUNK  
POURED A WHOLE  
BOX OF SAGE IN  
THAT POT!

HUH? SAGE?  
YUH MEAN  
TH' SPICE?



S-A-Y! YOU  
DON'T 'SPOSE...?

NAW! OLD  
SAGE WOULDN'T  
DARE COME  
BACK HERE!



WHAT ARE YOU  
CHUCKLIN' ABOUT?  
YOU BEEN GRINNIN'  
LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT  
EVER SINCE WE LEFT  
YOUR SPREAD!

MMMM...!



I JEST BEEN  
THINKIN' 'BOUT  
SOME COFFEE I  
LEFT SIMMERIN'  
ON TH' STOVE FER  
TH' UNEXPECTED  
COMPANY!



BY NOW IT MUST  
BE STRONG ENOUGH  
T' DRAW A BLOOD-  
BLISTER ON A  
RAWHIDE BOOT!  
HAW, HAW!





LATER...



IF YUH'RE SO CONCARNED WORRIED 'BOUT TH' OGDEN GAL, WELL MEET TH' STAGE HERE AT AUSTIN'S RELAY STATION!

HOPE WE DIDN'T MISS IT!



THIS IS WHERE TH' DRIVER CHANGES HOSSES FER FRESH ONES!

LOOKS LIKE THE STAGE COMING NOW! WE CAN FOLLOW IT TO THE CORSON RANCH!



REMEMBER, TAD, KEEP YER MOUTH PLUMB SHUT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR ONLY PASSENGER!



WELL, MELISSA ISN'T ON THIS STAGE!

TAD!



BRING THE TEAM TO THE CORRAL, DRIVER!

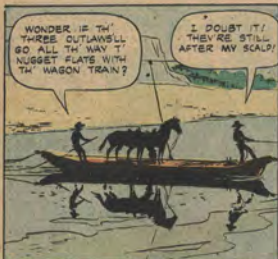
EASY THERE, DAD-BLAME IT! WHOA!

SHH! SAY NUTHIN', DAD, TILL WE GET INSIDE!





















**WHILE AT THE REAR OF THE CASINO...**























GOOD HEAVENS! THREE SHOTS... AND THEY SOUNDED LIKE ONE!

NOT QUITE! ONE WAS A FRACTION FASTER!



SORRY, PARDNER! THOSE HOLES WERENT MEANT FOR YOU!



THE NEXT MORNING...

WISH YOU'D COME TO WORK FOR THE RAILROAD, BUCK!

THANKS BUT I RECKON YOUR IRON HORSE WONT NEED A WRANGLER LIKE ME ANY MORE! SO LONG!



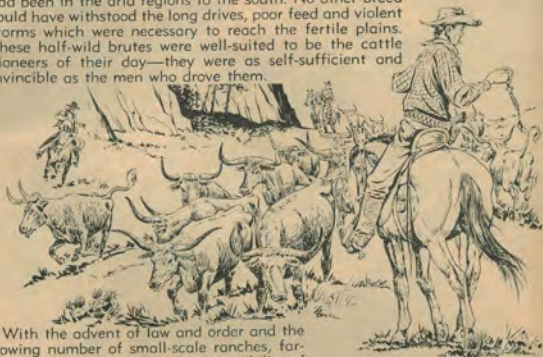
WHAT ABOUT THE RANCH, DAD?

YOU TAKE IT, SON! BUCK'S GONNA GIVE ME A PAYIN' JOB! MY BOOTS IS SO WORN I CANT STRIKE A MATCH ON 'EM WITHOUT BURNIN' MY BLASTED FEET!

# WINNING THE WEST..

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Soon the level grassy plains were dotted with grazing herds of longhorns—the rangy, tough cattle whose origin had been in the arid regions to the south. No other breed could have withstood the long drives, poor feed and violent storms which were necessary to reach the fertile plains. These half-wild brutes were well-suited to be the cattle pioneers of their day—they were as self-sufficient and invincible as the men who drove them.



With the advent of law and order and the growing number of small-scale ranches, far-sighted cattle barons saw the impossibility of ranging their original, immense herds across lands which were already being cut up into small farms. Previously-free grazing land was fast being criss-crossed by barb wire fences.

So they reduced the size of their herds and began to improve the quality of the beef—since they were now primarily interested in weight rather than numbers in their herds.

Importing corn-fed stock from the east, they crossed it with their own long-horned variety. Partly then through trial and error, and partly through good "cow sense" and selective breeding, they achieved the first of the heavy, hardy, short horns. These were the cattle which provided the basis for many of the thriving herds which even now, furnish much of the beef on our tables.



